

Paulina Perry

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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Corresponding Editor.

For the Lily.

The following lines were suggested upon the death of Ella, infant daughter of Dr. and Lucy Chase.

HER SPIRIT'S SUMMONED HOME.

Sweet babe! thy spirit's summoned home,
To dwell in heaven's blue sky,
O'er hills in paradise to roam,
And with the seraphs fly.
On wings of fancy wrought with gold
And precious diamond stones;
Thy joy's complete—thy work is done,
Thy spirit's summoned home.

And though thy form of lifeless clay,
Pallid before me lies,
The mind's not here, for it speaks not
From out thy glassy eyes.
Thy cheek is pale, thy heart is still,
Thy blood has curdled cold;
Soon in the gaping grave wilt thou
Be cover'd o'er with mould.

Fond weeping friends, this you should know
That Ella is at rest;
She's nestled now in that pure clime
Upon her Savior's breast.
Christ will'd that this should be the case,
He ever claimed her His;
He suff'reth such to come to Him,
Of these his kingdom is.

Then sweetly weave your garlands bright,
Strew flowers o'er her grave,
Plant roses round the marble stones,
She would this tribute crave.
O! she is happier far than we,
Who do this planet roam;
Her joy's complete—her work is done,
Her spirit's summon'd home.
Leesburg, Ohio. ELLA H—

THE HEART.

The heart—the heart! oh! let it be
A true and bounteous thing;
As kindly warm, as nobly free,
As eagle's nestling wing.

Oh! keep it not, like miser's gold,
Shut in from all beside!
But let its precious store unfold,
In mercy, far and wide.

The heart—the heart that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

ELIZA COOK.

OUR JOETTE; A Stray Patch from Aunt Hannah's Quilt. Or, the Record of the Heart.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

There was a long discussion when the little blue-eyed stranger first made her debut in "Sycamore Hall," as the snug old mansion, half frame, half logs, was called, as to what her name should be. No wonder there was discussion, for she was the first specimen of the feminine that had blessed the old walls since her mother was a "wee thing." Sarah's children were all boys, the whole seven—great rough, rude, ranting, roistering rascals, that kept grandma all the time in fidgets with their capers, and grandpa in a rile with their mischief, as well as the house up-side down generally when ever they came home on a visit. "Boys is boys," everybody knows that, and can't be still a minute for their lives, and we have enough of them. Besides Sarah's seven, there is Eunice's three and Tom's two, and Albert's one, thirteen grandsons, and not one grand-daughter—it is too bad. So at least thought and often said aunt Jerusha, who as often persisted that there must be one old maid in every family, and she had as good a right to be that one as any body. So when the little blue-eyed stranger was laid on the breast of its loving and gentle-hearted young mother, who had not yet seen the autumn winds shake the purse from the sycamore balls, above the old porch, or the frost ripen the persimmons that hang near, the seventeenth time, she looked up into the face of her maiden sister, (who might have been her mother, and then been older in duty at the beginning than she,) and said wistfully, "What shall we call her?"

"Lord a massy, I don't know, blessed little pitter! If it's old grandma had given its aunty a decent name, we would have called it arter one's own self; but Jerusha is too hateful—it shan't be punished wid such an awful name. La! here is uncle Joe! Now, uncle Joe, you must name the baby."

"I must name that little wee squirrel of a thing, must I, hey?" said Uncle Joe, a great broad shouldered, two-fisted, six foot specimen of humanity, who just now entered the room with a broad grin of satisfaction sparkling all over his broad benevolent face; "name the baby, must I?"

"To be sure you must; who but dear uncle Joe ought to name it?"

"Well, then, I'll call her Joe."

"If you do," said the young mother, "I will, too, and you must give her a quarter section of land when she grows to be a woman!"

"I'll give her a quarter calico slip when she learns to say uncle Joe," said the good-natured old bachelor, who only lacked a half-score of half a century, as he stooped down to kiss his lovely young sister, now blushing in the first glow and pride of motherhood, to close the compact.

How the two oldest children of old Col. Brandon come to live a life of single blessedness, no one pretended to know for certain, and nobody seemed to care for the cause while the effect was so gratifying to the whole neighborhood. Uncle Joe was, as we have hinted, turned of forty, and aunt Jerusha thirty-five, while Juletta, the mother

For the Lily.

of little "Joe," their youngest sister, the pet of the family, the tenderest flower of the great household, was not yet seventeen.

Col. Brandon was one of the first settlers of Ohio, one of the strong-hearted pioneers who felled the primitive old forest, and let in the sunlight upon the teeming soil on the banks of M—. Of course uncle Joe was brought up amid the hardships and trials of a harder life, and his iron frame and benevolent brow told the effect of earnest toil and vigorous, manly, cheerful effort upon his great heart. While yet a boy, his father in a skirmish with the Indians became a cripple, and being of an easy disposition and generous temperament, had fallen into that terrible habit which was the besetting sin of too many of the hardy woodsmen of the West, sixty years ago—intemperance.

The crippled limb and the crippled brain seemed to throw the care of the family very early upon the shoulders of Joe, and when at the age of twenty-four, his youngest sister was born, his mother feeble, his father doubly incompetent to do a father's duty, Joe stopped paying particular attention to Edith Mayo, whose father owned an adjoining farm, and forever after seemed to take to the old homestead, as if he had no other interest in the wide world, but the loved ones at home. Jerusha seemed to be impressed with the same spirit, and they worked on together in a much more beautiful harmony than many couples that are called one ever dreamed of doing.

One after another, the family married and left Sycamore Hall. Still Joseph and Jerusha lingered and took care of the "old folks at home." Times had changed since they were young. They went to school one term a year, learned to spell, (which is more than some college graduates can do now-a-days,) read, cipher to the rule of three. Joe could chop more cord wood, split more rails, and husk more corn in a day, than common men, while Jerusha could spin more flax and wool, get dinner for the most work-hands, and piece the prettiest quilts. But times had changed, and pretty Juletta was sent to the city to be educated, learn to play the piano, to paint roses, while she paled those on her own fair cheeks, and what was worse than all, fell in love with a young dry goods clerk, and in spite of all good advice, would get married ere her school days were over.

Old Col. Brandon, who indulged in his cups daily, said, "tut, tut, don't oppose the young people; let them get married if they want to; why, bless you, Joe, your mother was but fifteen when we made our wedding, and came off here, alone in the woods to fight Indians, and we've never been sorry for it, have we, mamma?"

Mamma, as the old Col. always called his wife, said, meekly, "May be not, father; but yet I think the young people might better wait a spell."

"Don't bother 'em—don't bother 'em!" insisted the Col., as he emptied a big green glass tumbler of its foaming contents of strong cider which had been warming before the winter fire.

The mother looked into the fire with a deep sigh, and as she could not suppress the tears that would come forth, she laid down her knitting work and stepped out upon the porch for the broom to sweep up the great stone hearth, over which some of the boys had thrown their apple skins. She

stood a moment in the clear light, and let her tears fall unrestrained and free. No eye saw her sorrow, and none but Him who marks the sparrow's fall, noted the deep agony of her spirit. Her eye ran over the beautiful farm, the wide spread fields, the flocks and herds now at rest, the great barns, the comfort and plenty everywhere. She thought of her years of toil, of sacrifice, of deep sorrow and trial—not over necessary evils did she ponder, but unnecessary ones, which for forty years had been borne with scarce a murmur, and now, with woman's prophetic eye, she saw a deeper trial before her, that would bring her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; for already had she seen the betrothed of her darling Ette drink cider, cherry bounce and peach brandy with her husband till his eye sparkled, and his tongue grew querulous and profane. But what could she do? Ette had always been petted, and the old man would not have her crossed. "God help thee, my poor pet," murmured the anguished mother, as she dried her tears upon her check apron, and returned with the broom.

"Pretty cold out, isn't it, mamma," said Col. B., noticing his wife's red eyes—"makes the tears come I see."

"Dear mother," said Ette, "why did you go out in the cold? why did you not remind me the hearth needed sweeping; I declare I don't think of anything."

"Only Fred. English, said Jerusha, a little tartly, for she with her quick eye had caught a glance of the falling tears, and read a tale untold to others. Ette was married."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Lily.

MOLLY GINGERBREAD.

BY MRS. JANE FRODOCK.

It is often asserted that tales are fabricated to suit theories; but I assure the reader that the following is neither fictitious in circumstance or name.

There is a romantic little town in the south of Maine, where neither the name of Molly Gingerbread, nor the causes from which it originated are yet forgotten.

When Mary B— became the wife of James Harvey, the shoemaker, her entire wealth consisted of an active, robust constitution, industrious, economical habits, and a competence of good common sense. His wealth was much the same, minus the health, for poor Harvey was never perfectly well, though his unwearied industry yielded not easily, and for many long years they toiled on together, that they might have means to live when time should lay his stiffening hands upon their weary limbs. They had been many years married, and had become "well off," being still childless, when Harvey felt sure that they might afford a better house. So, after the old Yankee notion, it must be large—two stories at least—Perhaps he thought it might tempt an increase of family, but in this it failed—though it swallowed up and contained most of his available property.

Poor Harvey was soon after past labor. For twenty years he and his wife had labored on together; but now she must bear the burden alone. Nobly and freely was it borne. Faithfully and affectionately was he cared for during his long, lingering sickness. In his early poverty and orphanage he had, in his search for work, wandered far from his kindred, and now she was his all. Her friends, too, kindly lent their aid in watching over his bed of suffering, and ministering to his numerous wants. And when his remains were lowered to their final resting place, they, with her, were the only mourners.

But a new chapter was to be opened in her history. All at once she found herself beset by four of her husband's nephews, from away off she hardly knew where, for her husband had seldom spoken of his early home, as his only brother had been many years dead. They, however, had heard that uncle "Jim" was rich, and owned a big house, and as he had no nearer heirs, they had come to claim their property.

It was no use for her to inquire why she could not retain the property the same as her husband

would have done at her death; or why his nephews had any better right to it than hers, as everybody declared that she had earned more of it than he. It was enough for her to know that men alone had made these laws, and that woman's only alternative was to submit. Every citizen in town felt outraged at the abominable injustice. The lawyers, too, avowed it was hard; but it was the law, and laws were "sacred things!" The judge did all he could when he gave her the furniture. If there had been more personal property, he would have given her more; but everything available had gone to pay the enormous expense of her husband's protracted illness. His nephews were not to blame for this deficiency—two-thirds of the real estate then, and the remainder at her death were theirs according to law; they only claimed their "legal rights."

There was no appeal; the furniture and the use of one-third of the house was all the law would allow her; so she was compelled to give up the other two-thirds to the four poverty-stricken, would-be-gentlemen brothers, three of whom had families. A house built only for one family, could not be made very convenient for four, and the inconvenience of her part was rendered doubly so by the determination on their part to drive her from it. In this they soon succeeded, for she was without the means to live. All that was now left her after twenty-five years' hard labor, was her furniture, and her room to pack it. At the age of forty-five she was again going from house to house, nursing, spinning, washing, or whatever else she could find to do; and because she could not feel amiable towards her legalized robbers, they gave her the ironical name of *Molly Gingerbread*.

But whatever idea was intended to be conveyed by the name, it had no effect to render the individual unamiable. I often met with Molly Gingerbread in my girlhood, and a more dignified, kind hearted, motherly matron, is seldom to be found. Little did she or the writer then think that twenty-five years after the latter would write the story of her wrongs, and the cause of that unmerited and insulting nick-name.

When I learned by what authority those four stout, healthy young men were living upon the products of her labor, while she was compelled to leave her own hard-earned home, and eke out her comfortless old age by working for three dollars a month, I received an impression on my youthful memory that helped to fix in my inmost soul an utter abhorrence of all such unjust and unequal laws.

The last legislature of Maine, (blessings on their expanding hearts and progressive heads,) is said to have granted to married women the right to their own earnings. Had this been the law in Molly Gingerbread's day, (God pity the brutes that decided otherwise,) she would have retained not only her property during life, to be equally divided between his and her heirs at her death, but would have retained likewise the more appropriate and respectable name of Mrs. Mary Harvey.

Mount Carroll, Ill., Feb. 1855.

From the Olive Branch.

THE LOST PURSE.

BY MAY BIRCHIE.

"What are you going to do with it—what are you going to do with it?" exclaimed half a dozen ragged urchins to a bright-eyed, thinly clad news-boy, who was holding a splendid purse in one of his little purple cold hands, that he had taken, but a few moments previous, from the sidewalk.

"Return it to the owner," said the little honest fellow, in a firm tone.

"A fool! a fool!" shouted the boys. "Wouldn't catch us returning a purse that looked as though it had lots of money in it, as that does; let's see how much there is," spake the eldest of the group, and he made an attempt to wrest it from the boy's hand.

"It shant be opened. It is none of our business what it contains, it is none of ours, and if you don't loose your grasp upon it, I will call the Police," returned honest Johnny, in a commanding tone.

The boys knew that Johnny would do as he had

said; hence, they not only ceased tormenting him, but stole away as if the Police were already upon their track.

When alone, Johnny began to consider what it was best to do. There was no way that he saw by which the owner could be identified by him. A thought struck him—he would deliver it to the office of the Chief of Police. But he should lose the sale of his papers if he attended to it then, and if he did, his mother and little sister must go without bread that night, for he had nothing to eat, save that which the daily sale of his newspapers brought. What should he do? He paused awhile, then said, "Mother would rather go hungry to-night, and I am sure I would much rather, too, than keep the purse until to-morrow morning. 'Let's see!' he put his hand into his pocket, and after fumbling a short time drew forth three cents. 'I've got money enough to buy a loaf of bread for little sister's supper and breakfast, and mother and I will go without; so I will at once away and carry the purse where the owner can obtain it.' Thus saying, he trudged with the purse in one hand and the large bundle of newspapers in the other. He whistled as he went, for altho' pinched with the cold, and hungry, he felt happy because he was doing right.

After disposing of the purse, and being called an "honest little fellow" by the police, he returned home and related to his mother how he had acted. She praised him for so doing, and said he must do right if he perished in the attempt.

The next morning Johnny went from his home a little bluer and colder than usual, for he had no supper or breakfast to fill up his stomach, thereby keeping the cold out.

At nightfall, he was going home with a light heart, for he had sold papers enough to buy bread sufficient to last his mother, sister and himself one whole day! when he was met by the gentleman to whom he had delivered the purse that he had found on the previous day.

"My little fellow," exclaimed the gentleman, patting him on the shoulder, "the purse that you left with me, has been returned to the owner, who by the way, is an intimate friend of mine, and to reward you for your honesty, he has offered to take you into his employ, and see what he can make of you?"

"Will he give me wages to buy mother and sister bread?" anxiously inquired the lad.

"Yes," returned the gentleman, "and more than that; come," he added, "and we'll soon see what he'll do for you." Thus saying, he led the way to a large brick dwelling, nearly opposite to where they had been talking.

A slight ring at the door bell brought the owner of the purse to the door. He was informed by his friend that the lad before him was the one to whom he was indebted for the recovery of his lost property. Johnny met with a warm and hearty welcome from his new found friend, who not only promised to take the honest boy into his employ, but said that his mother and sister should be made comfortable and happy. Tears of joy filled the little fellow's eyes as he hastened to inform his mother of his good fortune. The mother was overjoyed at the pleasing tidings of her son, and she and Johnny never after had occasion to regret the latter's conduct respecting the Lost Purse.

A WORD FOR THE POOR.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

Winter is here—a winter in the midst of fearfully hard times, and we are surrounded with the starving poor. Why are our cities thronged with helpless paupers, when there are thousands of acres of land overflowing with nature's bounty, waiting for them to come and take possession? If all this waste population could only be turned out to thrive and fatten, to grow light-hearted and joyous upon those rich unoccupied lands, what a blessed thing it would be. But they are not there—they are here, and they crowd, steaming and half-smothering into cellars and garrets, and live in destitution and distress. Hundreds who are willing to work cannot get work, and they must beg, steal or starve. One poor widow in Brooklyn, two weeks before Christmas, went for three days without a single meal for herself and her five children! She had

not been used to beg, but actual starvation drove her to it at last. This is but one case out of thousands.

Shall these poor creatures suffer thus in the midst of plenty? God forbid—f forbid it ye men of broad lands, high mansions, and heavy purses, or the time will come when the wealth you are hoarding up, or wasting on your pride, will burn like hot and cankerous brass into your souls.

Rich lady please go up stairs, and look in all your closets and drawers; go up to the attic, too; open all the closets, and see how much you can find to give away. Take an inventory of the articles lying idle for moth and rust to consume, of no manner of use to anybody. What are you keeping them for? Perhaps you have some vague notion that you are to still hold on to them because you may want them sometime or another; but would it not be better to use them to cover and protect the shivering limbs of childhood or of old age? You find it cold work searching into attics and closets, and pulling over their contents, but how would you feel if there was no fire by which you had a right to sit down and warm your chilled frame, when your work is done?

Ah, lady, mistress of a well stocked home, beloved wife and mother: does it not give you pain to know that there are, at this moment, women picking rags in the streets, who were once dear, cherished inmates of a home as happy as your own? Lady, remember not one of us can tell the fate the years to come have in store for us. Let us be kind to the poor while we may, ever bearing it in mind that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."—[N. Y. Evangelist.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Lily.

How to Increase the Lily's Circulation, and Striking Examples of men's Enthusiasm.

MRS. BIRDSALL: Please allow me to express my sympathy and interest in the great cause of reform in which you are engaged. I rejoice to find the "Lily" still blooming in all its beauty and fragrance since it has been transplanted into the rich soil of the West. I often wonder that it is not in the hands of every mother at least, but instead I find very many who do not know there is such a paper printed. I have loaned a few numbers of mine, and as the natural result, am solicited to send for copies for as many new subscribers. Send 2 copies to my address until my last year's subscription expires, which will be in April, and then I'll have the more to lend.

I would suggest to all the readers of the "Lily," that if they would lend their paper when they have read it, they might do more good than even many thought themselves capable of doing; for in this way we may not only increase the circulation of the Lily, thereby enabling the proprietor to bestow more labor on its culture, but also to disseminate knowledge among our own sex, of which, it must be acknowledged, there is a lamentable deficiency. Were it not for the want of this information, we should never hear the oft-repeated remark, "We have all the rights we want," when I think we may safely say there is not a neighborhood but has its victims of oppression—yes, oppression by law; and laws, too, made by our "protectors," the "lords of creation," without our consent, or choice of the law makers. I might illustrate by many a painful fact, but I will only relate some circumstances in my own vicinity.

Mrs. C— is an intelligent and refined woman some sixty years of age, and a devoted Christian. Her husband died fifteen years ago or more, leaving her with a large family of children, some of them small, and some "married." Now Mr. C. had been a good man, but very easy about his business, consequently his affairs were in an unsettled condition at the time of his death, and Mrs. C., being a judicious woman, managed, by prudence and economy, to not only clear the estate from encumbrances, but to build a comfortable house and barn. She was informed that she would not be molested until her youngest child should be "of age;" but at the end of ten years a son-in-law, to the great grief of his wife, sued his mother-in-law for the rent of the farm—claiming one hundred dollars a year, making one thousand dollars, when the Court said they were obliged to allow,

as she had not gone according to law in settling the estate, but had done it on her own responsibility.

Another. The comfortable house in which we live was owned by one Mr. B—. He married a very pretty girl some six years ago. He had no property, as I understand; she had a little money and some furniture. They commenced keeping a boarding house for the men who worked on the railroad and canal. She did the kitchen work without help, and by this means they were enabled to buy a town lot and build a good house on it. But last June he was killed instantly on the cars, in sight of his own door, and while the wound was fresh in the heart of his agonized wife, some friend told her there must be something done, as he was owing some, and unless it was attended to, she would have trouble.

Mrs. B. said she would see that all had their pay, as she knew all his affairs as well as he did; she had kept all the books, and received and paid out all the money. She said she could sell enough of the personal property to pay all demands, and have enough to make her comfortable, and retain the house and lot.

Oh, no, said her friend, you have no children, and his father claims the real estate; the personal property will be appraised and sold, and after the debts and his funeral expenses are paid, you will have one third of what is left. You might retain the house if it did not amount to over one-third of the real estate; but as it does, you can only have the use of one-third of the avails of it after it is sold, and you will have to have a guardian to see that you do not spend any of the principal, but only the interest, as the principal belongs to his father when you have done with it.

True, this is generally acknowledged to be an oppressive law, but I believe it is nearly always enforced—it certainly was in this case.

But some one will say, every man should make his "Will," and thus secure to his wife what the law denies her. But few men make their wills while in health; then why not have our laws made just and equal? But I did not think of writing you so long a letter.

LUCY R. FREEMAN.

Morris, Grundy county, Ill., Feb., 1855.

REMARKS.—Such examples as the above, and the one on another page by Jane Frohock, are of great value in the advocacy of equal human rights. A parallel case occurred under our own observation: An elderly couple, husband and wife, worked together in a paper mill, side by side, year after year, and by joint labor become the owners of a comfortable home besides a small surplus, to which they were daily adding, for maintenance when old age should come, or sickness, or any adverse circumstances. But death came and summoning the husband to a far fairer home, left the wife to struggle in her loneliness, in not only life's ordinary strifes, but against those extortioners—law and man's avarice, each in this particular the sole supporter of the other. The husband's relations came in, and supported by the august majesty of law, and law authorized men, coolly rated the worth of her little all, and took away from her a large proportion into their own possession and ownership, leaving with the remainder the extremely uncomfortable feeling that it must be taken care of—it is only mine by sufferance for a little time; for soon as I am dead, the law gives it to them to use, to accumulate with, or to live upon, as they see fit.

Several years since her spirit went to join her husband. Farther than this of her history we know not; but we feel assured that whether in her widowhood she became a pensioner upon the bounty of others, because she could not use what was rightfully her own, or whether to the end of her days, by the labor of her hands, she made what supported her, still she felt in her soul that she was shamefully treated, and that many a heartfelt prayer has she ejaculated for the most simple

justice, which, when it has been echoed and re-echoed in our ears, is beginning to awaken our countrymen to the knowledge that half of our people's interests, instead of being protected is aggressed by law, and held by it open to the aggression of avarice, and that the root of this evil will never be reached until both halves of community are represented in Government—until the "better," (this form of expression we borrow,) as well as the "worse" element of human kind, has its influence in making our laws.—Ed.

For The Lily.

MENTAL BLINDNESS—CASE NO. 1.

The disease of mental blindness is of very ancient origin. The complaint was doubtless known to the ancients, and evidently to our first parents—if not in their Eden home, very soon, at least after they were expelled from that blissful abode. So long has the taint of this disease effected mankind, that it has well nigh become hereditary in every family. Some peculiarities in its symptoms have given rise to the time-honored adage, "There are none so blind as those who won't see. I have several cases of this disease in my mind, one of which only, I will describe at present.

Here is a pale young creature, beautiful in her girlish simplicity, whose young heart is bowed to the earth with sorrows which crush her very soul, and make sad havoc with her woman's nature. She has seen many sorrows, although the breezes of not many summers have fanned her soft flaxen hair. She has escaped for her life from a cruel, lordly tyrant, whom the law, no less than her own loving heart bade her call husband.

When she gave her hand to him scarcely two summers since, all her affections, her impulses, her hopes, her eager expectations and anticipations might have been symbolized by a selection of expanding spring blossoms, and gathered into a bouquet and labeled "trustfulness." She believed in husbands in the most exalted sense of that capacity. She dreamed of a protector, a friend—one upon whose strong arm she could confidently lean for support through life—in whose manly bosom she could repose all her joys and sorrows with full assurance that he would share the one and alleviate the other; and above all, she could rely upon his more mature judgment to bear her above the petty cares and sorrows incident to the relation she was about entering. The ideal was beautiful. The pen would rest and the mind linger over the beautiful vision—but, alas! it is a vision—too ethereal for this imperfect state, and the vision fades. Her vision faded, too.

Her husband did not come up to her ideal style of a husband; indeed, he fell far short of a reasonable standard of manhood. Instead of protecting her by that strong arm, or extending it for her support, that arm was raised in brutal violence against her, and she was stricken, a helpless, writhing, suffering victim of cowardly violence, at his feet. She told him her joys and her sorrows, but he taunted her with weakness, and with bitter reproofs and hard-hearted jeers and threats, utterly crushed the bruised reed. She shrunk from his presence. Then came persecutions that the mind revolts at naming—as the poisonous fly, tho' stinging, yet leaves not the delicate flower ere it has extracted all its sweets.

Her small fortune squandered—hope and happiness blasted forever—he might have left her good name. But no, having rejected her himself, he would fain blast her name, that all the world might reject her, too. With purposes so fell, and a will so intent upon destroying all that remained of her, were it not for the stronger arm of the law, declaring to this nearly irresponsible power, the husband, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," her life would have fallen a sacrifice to his insatiate desire for destroying the puny thing that by absence only dared to resist him.

But in all her great sorrows this sufferer is mentally blind to the cause of her afflictions, and cannot see that they had their origin in the unlimited power of the husband over the wife, and her own utter helplessness, and destitution of legal remedy. She cannot see that her husband, whom she blames for all this, while she exonerates the laws,

would just as readily have stopped in his mad career of outrage, had the law been interposed to prevent his secretly beating her, slandering her, and squandering her property, as when law and the murderer's doom came between him and her life.

She never stops to ask herself why her husband never beat and maltreated his neighbors, or why he never slandered the fair fame of a fellow companion. Or, if she does, she fails to see that it is because his neighbor and friend are protected by law from personal violence, and the venom, slander. How clearly the conclusion from the two conditions might be deduced that were the wife protected by law from the personal violence and slander of her husband, that she would escape these evils as well as the neighbor and social companions.

Her female friends may sympathize with her, but they are mentally blind, too, upon this subject, however acute their perceptions in other matters. No, they blindly persist that the laws are right—that man may be trusted with unlimited power—that every household in the land may be a monarchy, and man the monarch, and yet no despotism grow out of it. Such is their faith in men in the aggregate. This tame acquiescence in existing laws and in woman's present condition, supposes something near perfection in the nature of husbands in general. Why not labor, then, to make the laws as good as men are? It's a great pity where there is so perfection in mankind, that the laws should be so corrupt and so far beneath the standard of man's humanity and native goodness, that when these laws are revealed, and his power over woman fully developed in the acts of one man, that that man must inevitably appear like an anomaly in man's moral nature, but little better than a Nero."

It is a trite maxim that the laws of a country present a fair index to the moral and mental natures of the people. If this be so, and outrages may be perpetrated upon the peace, health, happiness, property and character of the wife by the husband, and all of this done within legal limits, the mental and moral natures of the people must have a low standard.

M. A. BRONSON.

Medina, O.

For the Lily.

THE BIBLE.

Many reformers of the present day speak lightly of the Bible. Indeed the number is not small who imagine society would be better if the Bible was banished from the world. Nor are such persons without the shadows of arguments in favor of their position.

Innumerable disputes, quarrels, and even wars have arisen from differences of opinion about the truths taught in the Bible. Religious controversies have been seasoned rather with malice than with either love or good sense. Professors of Christianity have often been not only conservative, but wedded to prejudice, and averse even to listening to new truths.

Great national evils, as well as individual sins, have called upon the Bible as proof of their purity. Yet before throwing aside this often mangled and distorted volume, it would be prudent, at least, to make an estimate of its value—to observe its effects upon society, and the probable consequences of its extinction.

What is the Bible? A book which claims to have been written by good men, who were inspired so to write by God himself—and whose simplicity, beauty, moral purity, dignity and power ought to be proof of its Divine origin.

Strike from the world all those great truths taught in the Holy Scriptures, and our moral code will be found as barren as the deserts of Arabia.

True we have other books that teach our duty to one another, and to God, but all their life and power are derived from the Bible. Hence, to banish this sacred volume from the world, and to rely upon men for our moral government, would be like blotting the sun from the heavens, and relying upon the moon for heat and light. No sooner would the sun disappear than the lesser luminaries would begin, and one by one, to fade from our view until utter darkness and gloom would surround us on all sides.

These are not idle speculations, but demonstrable facts. That men quarrel about the Bible only proves their own impurity. That professing religionists stand in the way of moral reform, only proves the prevalence of hypocrisy.

The Bible is, and ever must be, the great fountain of love and truth to mankind. Those who peruse its pages for the purpose of cavil and criticism, may, through the opacity of the letter and their own blindness, find much to ridicule and condemn. But the earnest seeker after truth will ever find it the fruitful source of all that is great and good—of all that can impart either comfort or happiness in this world, or the reasonable hope of enjoyment in a better world hereafter.

ANEMONE.

For the Lily.

The Objector's Argument.

It is amusing to hear how the opponents of the Temperance question are obliged to shift about for arguments to maintain their position. Sometimes, as the sailor would say, they are entirely run ashore. Then they very naturally betake themselves to ridiculing or slandering the abettors in the temperance cause. The temperance ladies—those that make the greatest fuss about it—are either inveterate opium eaters, or gadders abroad, meddlesome, &c. And who but a rabble of ladies would assemble, and by force empty the precious stuff into the streets? I wouldn't have such a wife—I wouldn't live with her after she had done such a thing!

You wouldn't, would you? I don't now if you have not just such a wife—one who would gladly assist in destroying all the liquor in this or any other town. She waits not for your coming till the midnight hour, without thought—active, soul-stirring thought! In her heavy bosom a thousand thoughts revolve—even gun-powder, the tearing up of strongholds by its blasting power, finds place in her wrought up imagination. If she could but remove the cause of her solitude, of her misery, what would she not dare? Your smile or frown, O, rum-seller, weighs but little in the balance with sighs, tears, poverty, yea the very life blood too, wrung out by your accursed traffic. It must and will be done. The traffic must cease. Right must and will triumph over all your threats. This selling of poison must be stopped either by the just laws of man, or the will and might of woman. Which shall conquer? We wait to see the issue.

B. M. S.

Richmond, Ind.

For the Lily.

THE PEOPLE'S JOY.

On Saturday, the 21st inst., the news of the great triumph of the temperance question reached our city, and need it be said that hundreds of hearts were raised in thankfulness for the victory gained. Yes, it need be said—for many who pass along our main thoroughfare, and inhale the noisome perfume that rises from one of the largest hotels in the city, would scarcely think that so great a majority of our citizens most heartily rejoiced in the passage of a prohibitory law. But, thanks to the Giver of all good, they do rejoice in the passage of this law, and many ardent prayers have gone to the throne of the Most High for ability to execute the law faithfully.

As soon as the announcement of the passage of the bill came to us, it was most cheering to see what an effect it produced on the citizens. Groups of men gathered about the corners, or clustered round the stoves of their counting rooms and shops, to congratulate each on the success of the heaven-born Bill. Ladies stopped in the midst of the friendly salutation to repeat the glad tidings, "The Temperance Bill is passed!"

In the evening the business buildings and dwellings in the main part of town were illuminated, and a procession of the most respectable part of the community marched through the streets, proclaiming the glad news.

On Tuesday, a delegation from Richmond went over to join with the friends in Centerville in their rejoicings; and on Wednesday evening following, we had a most glorious outburst of feeling and approval of this act of our legislators. At an early hour the Starr Hall was crowded to over-

flowing by men and women who eagerly listened to the eloquent and pointed discourses of the Rev. J. B. Finley, of Ohio, Rev. Mr. Van Cleve and Bro. Jocelyn, after which a torch-light procession, preceded by the Brass Band, marched through the principal streets, and the walls were made to reverberate with the long and hearty cheers of the multitude.

Thus it may be seen that our people are not insensible to the great good that has come about in these degenerate days. May they continue to manifest the same energy and spirit, until every grog-shop and distillery shall be obliterated from our beautiful country. Then shall her children eat of the fruit of the land, and live to beautify this world, instead of making it a wilderness where ravenous wolves may prowl, and venomous serpents coil.

HELENE.

Rev. John Marsh has an interesting biography of the Hon. NEAL DOW, in the National Temperance Organ, from which we make the following short extract:

Mr. Dow is of medium stature, with an open, frank, earnest expression of countenance, a compact and well-knit frame, capable of great endurance, performing without weariness, labors at which most men would shrink as ensuring destruction. In those qualities of mind and heart which adorn the domestic circle, and which characterize the kind and obliging neighbor, the firm and reliable friend, the affable magistrate, few excel him. Nor is any man more ready to profit by the advice of real and judicious friends of the Temperance cause; but with men who, professing regard to that cause, will yet sacrifice it on the altar of fashion, or in a pretended zeal for the word of God as countenancing the use of intoxicating drinks, he has no sympathy; while doubting, hesitating, timid men cannot enter into his councils. Though educated in the Society of Friends, he has for some years worshipped with the Orthodox Congregationalists.

A Hint for Young Mothers.

It has been said that one half of the deaths occurring during the first two years of infancy, may be ascribed to mismanagement of the fragile body, and mistake as to its food. How very important, then, that young mothers should get all the information they can on the subject. As it regards food, in the first few months of your infant's life, the very best is that which nature has furnished you, and if you have a plentiful supply, nothing else need be given; and bear in mind, the first portion of this natural food which the babe receives from you, is purposely prepared to suit its stomach and bowels—there is often a grand mistake made here. If a mother can but partly nourish her little one, a small quantity of thin gruel may be given two or three times a day, taking care to have it nicely made—clean, pleasant, and smooth. Do you know, young mother, that the stomach of your infant is very feeble? It is unaccustomed to food!—give it, therefore, sparingly. Some little ones have slow digestion, others quick; wisdom is needed as to the frequency of feeding; but never lose sight of the fact, that the tiny stomach can contain but a VERY SMALL QUANTITY. Nor must you imagine that every expression of uneasiness is a call for food; many foolishly act upon this plan, and do a vast deal of mischief to the babe's health and comfort.

Allow us to press on your attention, at this season of your child's life, the necessity for being careful of your own health. If you take cold, the infant will suffer; and your mind as well as your body, should be carefully watched, if you wish your child to be healthful and happy. Irritability and fretfulness, anxiety or fear, will cause your child to suffer, and act as a blight upon its happiness as well as your own. When in danger from any of these, fly to your private chamber, and ask for strength and wisdom to be kept calm and tranquil. We have heard of some who have found singing an excellent remedy for irritability; try to sing one of the songs of Zion, young mother, and let us know if it succeeds. When the little system of your infant has become more developed, and the stomach accustomed to the exercise of its functions, it will be well to observe regularity in the distribution of its meals.—Mother's Friend.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., MARCH 1, 1855

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. G. Childs—I find your name on the old subscription book with date of Dec. 1st, 1853.

B. W. Harris—What is your county?

M. P. Mason Goodub—Your name was not on our book, but now is.

C. A. Clark—We had not the names of the ladies, but find them on last year's book, with date of July 1. We have transferred them, and forwarded papers from the 1st of January. Farther back than that, we cannot furnish missing numbers.

A. Downing—Please accept my thanks for that list of subscribers. The Lily has just such a lease on life as to carry it on while a trace of the wrongs it combats, remains.

J. C. Ford—We take the utmost care to avoid mistakes, as also to correct them. All is now right.

P. M. Ransom or R. J. Oliver, of Hebron, Ind. be so kind as to send a more particular address

H. W. Woolcot—Is credited from Feb. 15.

"RIGHTS ENOUGH."

A very valued friend of ours writes to us wishing us good success in our advocacy of Temperance, and in her own gay, saucy manner, adds, that in her opinion "women have rights enough this cold weather, and thinks it would not be to her interest to wish any success in that part" of our enterprise. Well, Mattie, may be there are those who have no cheery home-room to hover in; may be there are those around whom gathers no parents heart-love, nor even human charity, whose hearts are cold, whose hands, this drear hard winter, would gladly enter into some of the industrial avenues to earn for themselves a high prized independence, or even a support. What would be the cold weather to such as these, had they the opportunity to put forth their energies? The fire of life is within them, and needs but the fuel of energetic activity. But our young women find that very few, indeed, are the occupations open to them, and that these are so thronged with pitiable beggars for a little work, and a little of work's reward, that they stand back aghast, not desiring either to mingle with or swell the throng. So common, indeed, is it for woman to work for a "thanksee," or for nothing, that woman's labor has not that respectability about it, which is the main incentive to effectiveness, and should attach to every branch of human industry. Only a few, of sterling energy and force of character, ever succeed in working their way into new occupations, more profitable or congenial.

No, Mattie, woman has not rights enough. Look at her meager education, her stinted pay, the belittling customs of society to balance this; her slaveism to fashion, in dress, and her miserable health. Open your statute books and see how she is there regarded; not as a being created with the same inviolate rights as man with as delicate feelings, as true a sense of justice, as faithful as a parent, and as a citizen, possessing the same immunities; but you will see that "Natural Rights," and "the power inherent in the people," is after all, held inviolate to a certain class only, known and described as "white male citizens." You will find nowhere acknowledged that woman forms any portion of "The People; having at all times an indefeasible right to alter and reform their government." And this is the root from which springs the numerous wrongs under which woman suffers; and though many have acquired a species of mental dilatoriness that leads them to feel even a consideration of the subject a trouble; yet we have never yet met an intelligent woman but who felt the importance of the preservation of woman's individuality, and was unwilling to grant to any the power to prohibit her, if she chose, from participating in the making of laws, in which none more than she, have a more vital interest. This is almost universally acknowledged to be woman's right; we only hear its "expediency" sometimes doubted.

No, Mattie, woman has not rights enough; and, indeed, as long as she has not, neither has man. So long as great

systems of oppression are interwoven in our institutions, true liberty can be neither generally understood nor appreciated; general strength and ability of character cannot be attained, nor any real progress made only towards the remaining of these wrong policies.

And after all, it is but a very negative sort of happiness enjoyed in the irresponsible, really idle, butterfly life, to which so many cling, no more than there is of health and strength for the body in your "air-tight store room" this cold weather," compared to the stamina of life afloat in the bracing oxygenized outer air.

Neither are any exempt from the "chance and change" of life, and while more would be enjoyed by reaping strength and health of mind and body, ability for action, in any emergency would be gained, that would be of incalculable benefit.

The following have each a Maine Law. Some of them are surpassing the original in stringency and force:

Maine,	Vermont,
Minnesota,	Michigan,
Rhode Island,	Connecticut,
Massachusetts,	Indiana.

In New Hampshire, one has been passed by two successive Houses, but the Senate threw it out as often.

The prohibitory bill passed the New York Assembly by a vote of eighty yeas to forty-four nays, notwithstanding a determined struggle by the opposition, led by Mr. O. Reese, to delay the final vote, by raising points of order, and other common legislative tricks.

In Pennsylvania it was barely lost on account of fear for marketing for hops, barley, rye, &c.

In Delaware the subject is being agitated, as well as in Virginia and other Southern States.

In Mississippi and Texas, the liquor traffic has been considerably restricted.

In Ohio, notwithstanding a strong interest in the manufacture of whisky, wine and lager beer, the law, under the auspices of the new decision in favor of the constitutionality of the prohibitory law, is beginning to be very effective; but the temperance people intend to push the question until a thorough law is passed and enforced.

In a very kind private letter from Noblesville, Ind., occurs the following paragraph:

"But your encouraging words stimulate my nerves to renewed efforts, and to higher motives. Surely, I would not withhold my 'mite' from the Temperance contribution, when so many of our talented young men are burying theirs in a 'goblet of wine.' It is really distressing to contemplate the ruinous pursuits and the blasted prospects of gifted young men in our town. The aged inebriate is a most pitiable sight indeed, but the youthful one is still more so; and by laboring to reform the latter, complete triumph may eventually reach the former."

OUR PROHIBITORY LAW.—Passed by decided majorities in both branches of the legislature and receiving the signature of the Governor, has drawn forth the utmost enthusiasm over Indiana; and in other States, the temperance people are scarcely less joyful, that another one has enrolled herself under the protection of a strong, a practical, a thoroughly Maine Law. A stroke here resounds every where, and one link in the armor of intemperance broken by any one or any where—is substantial aid to universal temperance. The joy of the people is beyond all calculation, and no doubts exist of its enforcement. We give a good synopsis of the law;—would like to publish it entire but for our limits.

We have received half a copy of the Nebraska Palladium, a weekly paper published at Bellevue, Nebraska. We cannot find either the editor's name or the price of his paper; but it is a handsome appearing one, and contains a very friendly notice of the Lily, for which he has our thanks. He gives our price \$1 per year—we send two copies for that sum.

MISSING EXCHANGES.—For some reason, we are not in the receipt of the Journal and Visitor, Life Illustrated, The Una, or the Woman's Enterprise.

We are glad to announce to the readers of The Lily a series of stories from the pen of Frances Dana Gage, under the title of "Stray Patches from Aunt Hannah's Quilt."

As a writer, Aunt Fanny's popularity, among the masses of the people, is unequalled. Her genuine heart-warmth has attracted the heart love of all, while her experience and success is battling nobly the emergencies of life, place under her command the universal respect.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT MONEY.—We feel under the necessity of asking our northern and western friends to oblige us by remitting to us money current here. Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin money, though doubtless good at home, is not current here, and we have continually to sustain losses on such. A gentleman writing from Elkhart, Ind., says it is, nowadays, "very difficult to get a dollar that is a dollar," and so it is; monetary matters are so unsettled.

Bills of the State Bank of Indiana and Ohio, New York, Mass., Rhode Island, Connecticut money and the Southern bank of Kentucky, comprise mostly our circulation; and where it is convenient, we will take very kindly, to have those sent us.

A Lover Still.

"No longer a lover!" exclaimed an aged patriarch. "Ah! you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though these silver hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of birds, and above all, the silvery ring in the glad laugh of a child. I love the star-light meadows where the buttercups grow; with almost the same enthusiasm as when with my hair flying loose in the wind, and my cap in hand years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you aged dame. Look at her. Her face is careworn but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the cup of sorrow with her—and so shared; it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of her life, but, like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in full bloom of youth and maturity.

Together we had placed buds in the pale folded hands of the dead; together wept over little graves. Through storm and through sunshine we have clung together, and now quaintly frilled, the old styled kerchief crossed, white and prim about the heart that has beat so long and truly, for me; the dim blue eyes that shrinkingly fronts the glad day, the sunlight, throwing her a parting farewell, kisses her brow, and leave on its faint tracery of wrinkles, angelic radiance. I see though no one else can, the bright glad young face that won me first, shine through those withered features, and the growing love of forty years thrills my heart till the tears come.

"Say not again I can no longer be a lover.—Though this form be bowed. God has implanted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hand palsied, the limb withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the power of death and the victorious grave, shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame.

In the Massachusetts Legislature they have an organized temperance society. Belonging thereto, is the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, 8 of the 9 Executive Councillors, the Secretary of State, the President and 26 members of the Senate, and the Speaker and 204 members of the House. No wonder they have the Maine Law.

Editorial Correspondence.

SENACA FALLS, N. Y., Dec. 10, '55.

"Oh! how cold!" is the exclamation on everybody's lips, and the expression pictured on every face. "Oh! how cold!" is whistled by the winds, creaked by the snow, and written on the ice-bound rivers and lakes. "Oh! how cold!" is traced in unmistakable signs on numberless fingers, toes, ears, and noses, with which the biting frost has taken unpardonable liberty, in revenge for their daring to brave an atmosphere twenty-six degrees below zero. "Oh! how cold!" is groaned out by thousands of poor suffering human beings, who are crouching in wretched hovels and rickety garrets, without means sufficient to purchase a loaf of wood or a loaf of bread, and without employment whereby they can earn a dollar, to save themselves from cold and starvation.

And, how sad to reflect, that of these sufferers a majority are brought to this destitute condition through the unjust and wicked legislation of the State—which has placed within the reach of men, and tempted and encouraged them to drink of a poison, the certain tendency of which is to subject to the keenest poverty and wretchedness, all whom it can make victims!

And, how much sadder still to reflect, that a large proportion of the suffering poor are women and children—who, through no crime or wrong doing of their own, but through a system of unjust legislation and pernicious custom, have been made a wholly dependant, and subjected to whatever wrongs and oppressions men may see fit to heap upon them! By the laws and customs of the country, woman's employment is confined within the narrowest limits, and her wages reduced to the lowest possible rate. She is not thought capable of self protection; and for her to engage in business, or to become a tiller of the soil, or in any way to secure to herself an independence, except by the use of the needle or the dish cloth, is considered highly improper. By the laws of the country, a married woman cannot protect and provide for herself—she cannot protect and provide for her children. Her person is not her own, but the property of another. Her property and earnings are not her own, but another's. Her children are not her own—they, too, belong to another.

Thus cramped and fettered, it is not strange that upon woman, poverty and suffering make their power most keenly felt. Thus restricted and disabled, it is not strange that at this moment there are, in one of the large cities alone, twenty-five thousand women out of employment, and dependent upon charity for food sufficient to sustain life! But it is strange that woman will submit so uncomplainingly to the position assigned her.—Strange that her eyes were not long since opened to a sense of her inferior and humiliating position, and a feeling aroused within her to resist the oppression and wrong to which she is subjected.—Strange, that with want staring her in the face, and her own necessities, and those of others dependant upon her, calling her to action, she has not dared to burst her shackles, and regardless of frowns or censures, to go forth in the strength of a true womanhood to earn for herself, in whatever field she pleased, the wherewith to keep herself above dependence and want. Strange, that she has not long since defied the rum power, by refusing to live the companion of a drunkard, and the victim of his cruelty; and by making to herself a Maine Law which would lead her forth to exter-

minate from the earth the destroyer of her peace and happiness!

Bad legislation, false education, and foolish, wicked custom have done their work on woman; and not only she, but the whole world are suffering the penalty. Let us hope that a better day is coming, when more enlightened views will be entertained of woman's capacity and duty, and a juster appreciation of her rights pervade the minds of the whole people.

Notwithstanding the "hardness of the times," and the suffering which is crying aloud for succor, on every hand, expensive amusements seem to be kept up the same as ever. In this place the "Third Annual Fancy Dress Ball" is to come off in a few days. Those who participate in the festivities of the occasion, have a choice either to get up costumes for themselves, or to obtain them of a fancy costumer, and pay eight or ten dollars for the privilege of wearing them one evening. Should I be in town, I may look in upon this gathering of representatives of various countrys and people, and if so, I will try to give a sketch of what I see for the entertainment of the readers of The Lily.

This ball is to be followed, I am told, by another for the benefit of the poor, the room and music to be furnished gratuitously, and the participants to pay one dollar each, for the purpose mentioned. To show that the poor of the place are not forgotten, I will also mention that a "Relief Society" has been organized for their benefit. One gentleman has appropriated one thousand dollars, the interest of which is to be applied each year to relieve the necessities of the poor of the village.—An Industrial School has also been started by some benevolent citizens, for the benefit of poor, idle, and vicious children. All this is well and praiseworthy. Much good will be done, much suffering alleviated, though the root of the evil will not be reached. People are ready to apply a remedy to the results, while they overlook or neglect the cause of the evil.

The great event of the season in this State, is the election of WM. H. SEWARD to the United States Senate. The utmost efforts were made to defeat him, and his election is regarded as a triumph of freedom over slavery—of right and justice over oppression and wrong.

Now that the Senatorial question is disposed of, the next question of importance is the Maine Law. Its passage is looked for at an early day.

I notice, with pleasure, that Michigan has passed a new prohibitory liquor law; also, that Indiana and probably Illinois, have enrolled themselves under the banner of prohibition, by the passage of laws similar to the Maine Law. Ohio, too, since the decision of the Supreme Court in favor of the constitutionality of the law passed by the Legislature last winter, is aroused to new life; and the enforcement of the law, imperfect though it may be, is being prosecuted with a determination and vigor that proves her people ready for a Maine Law. It is truly cheering to see how rapidly the principle of prohibition is gaining ground with the people everywhere. May it increase till the land shall be purged from the blighting curse!

On Monday next, a Woman's Right's meeting is to be held at Albany, at which time petitions for equal rights for woman will be presented to the legislature. County meetings are to be continued for some time after. It is to be hoped that the petitions will receive attention at the hand of the Legislature, and that at least a part of what is asked, will be granted. We can hardly expect to

carry this question all at once, but if we can make some perceptible progress year by year, we shall, in good time, attain to all we claim or are entitled to. The success which has already attended our labors, gives bright promises for the future.

We are spending our time very pleasantly here, in the midst of friends. All seems so home-like and familiar, I can hardly realize that one year has fled since we were citizens here among them. Were I not reminded every time I pass our cottage home, that it is now owned and tenanted by another—that it is no longer my home—I could easily imagine I had been dreaming of a trip to Ohio, and of scenes enacted there; but, on awaking, found myself in the old place, which for near fourteen years I have known as my home. This place is endeared to me by many associations, and probably no other will ever gain an equal hold on my affections. It was here that the first Woman's Right's Convention was held, and the first notes of freedom to woman sounded.

It was here that *The Lily* first burst into life, and from here for five years it went out on its mission to arouse, encourage and strengthen woman in the work of her enfranchisement from the errors, the prejudices, and the unjust legislation of ages. How faithful it has been to its mission, and how great the results of the two movements, it is not for me here to say. May *The Lily* continue to blossom, and its usefulness be increased ten-fold, till the work in which it engaged shall be fully accomplished; and may women's conventions be continued till our rulers give heed to our petitions and grant the rights we ask. A. B.

AGAINST THE DISTILLERIES.—Mr. Barr, of New York, has given notice in the Senate of that State, of a bill to prevent the distillation of grain.—This is a good move, and we hope it will be followed up until the measure shall be fully carried into effect over the whole Union. Such a law, besides other great benefits, would give relief to thousands who are suffering for bread. A. B.

On the merging of the *Democrat* and *Enquirer*, at Detroit, the hands in the Enquirer office declared a strike if the women employed on the Democrat were retained in service. The new editor having some feeling of humanity, refused to discharge the women; whereupon the threat was put in execution, and the women-hating printers sought employment elsewhere. Such men should have a corner of the world set off to themselves somewhere, where their peace would not be endangered by the intrusion of women. A. B.

WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.—Several numbers of a large, handsome paper, bearing this title, have reached us from Philadelphia. It has been established exclusively upon capital owned by females, and all the work, editorial and mechanical, is to be done by the same sex. Its object is the elevation of the female industrial classes, by securing for them honorable and profitable employment and equal advantage with the other sex. It disclaims any intention to "clamor for the legal or political rights of woman," or to "urge her promotion to offices of honor or trust," while "the right of living by the labor of her hands is denied her." This temporizing, half-way policy will not conciliate public prejudice in the least, while it will serve to repel many whose co-operation in such an enterprise is desirable, if not indispensable; but in spite of this the paper will do good, and we heartily wish it success. Anna E. McDowell is the editor. Terms \$2 per annum.—*Anti Slavery Standard.*

Indiana Prohibitory Liquor Law.

The Liquor Law has passed both branches of the Legislature, and received the signature of the Governor. The following synopsis of the provisions of this law is given in the State Sentinel.

The first section is as follows:

That no person shall manufacture, keep for sale, or sell, by himself or agent, directly or indirectly, any spirituous or intoxicating liquor, except as is hereinafter provided. Ale, porter, malt beer, lager beer, cider, all wines, and fermented liquor, which will produce intoxication, and all mixed liquor, of which part is spirituous or intoxicating liquor, are included in the term *intoxicating liquor*, and are within the meaning of this act.

SEC. 2. Permits the manufacture of cider from apples, and wine from grapes and currants, grown in the State, but prohibits the sale in less quantities than three gallons, which must be taken away at the time of sale.

SEC. 3. Permits the sale of foreign liquors by the importer, according to the laws of the United States; but requires all such liquors to be sold in the original casks and packages; but prohibits the Custom House certificate to be received as evidence of the fact.

SEC. 4. Authorizes the County Commissioners to grant permits to persons to manufacture spirituous liquors; but prohibits their sale under severe penalties to any except agents authorized to sell the same.

SEC. 5. Provides for the appointment of agents for the purpose of buying and selling spirituous liquors for medical, chemical and mechanical purposes, and wine for sacramental occasions, and requires such agent to keep an account of the names of the persons to whom such liquors are sold.

SEC. 6. Permits the agents to sell liquors—

1st. To persons over 21 years of age, of good character for sobriety, provided the agent is satisfied it is intended for any of the uses enumerated in said section.

2. To any of the agents regularly appointed to sell.

SEC. 7. Provides that the county Commissioners shall direct the Treasurer to pay over to the agents a sufficient sum to purchase the liquors, the agents accounting for the sale thereof.

SEC. 8. Requires the agent to give a bond.

SEC. 9. Punishes any person who manufactures liquors in violation of the law, by a fine of not less than 20 dollars, for the first offense; 50 dollars for the second, and 100 dollars for the third, to which may be added imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days.

SEC. 10. Punishes persons who sell without authority of law, for the first offense by a fine of not less than 20 dollars, second offense 50 dollars, third 100 dollars, and requires in all cases after the first offense, imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days.

SEC. 11. Imposes the same penalties on clerks and agents, as on principals.

SEC. 12. Punishes persons who buy liquor and apply it to unlawful purposes, by a fine of ten dollars.

SEC. 13. Prohibits persons from keeping liquor with intent to sell the same, under the same penalties as is provided in the 10th section. Finding liquors in the possession of a person shall be *prima facie* evidence of the intent.

SEC. 14. All such liquor shall be deemed a nuisance, and shall be forfeited.

SEC. 15. Provides for the search and seizure by warrant on the affidavit of three persons.

SEC. 16. The owner to be summoned to show cause why liquor so seized should not be forfeited and destroyed.

SEC. 17. Points out the mode of trial and judgment of the forfeiture.

SEC. 18. Requires the officer to destroy the liquor and sell the vessels without appraisement.

SEC. 19. Provides for the return of the liquor where it is not liable to forfeiture.

SEC. 20. Declares all contrivances to evade or conceal the seller a nuisance and requires their abatement.

SEC. 21. Punishes persons who resort to devices by fine not less than 50 dollars and imprisonment not less than 30 days.

SEC. 22. Requires Sheriffs, deputies, constables to arrest all persons found selling liquor and to seize the same. It also requires such officers to arrest a person intoxicated and to take him before a magistrate who shall require him to answer where he obtained his liquor. If he refuses he shall be imprisoned until he answers.

SEC. 23. Prohibits selling drugged liquors.

SEC. 24. Habitual drunkards and persons convicted of manufacturing or selling liquors shall be incompetent as jurors.

SEC. 25. All contracts for the sale of liquors to be void, and moneys paid may be recovered back.

SEC. 26. Permits the sale of burning fluids, chemical dyes, medical compounds, &c.

SEC. 27. Requires district and city attorneys to prosecute all offenders under this act.

SEC. 28. Courts of Common Pleas, Justices of the Peace and Mayors to have jurisdiction. Jurisdiction of Mayors and Justices to extend throughout the county.

SEC. 29. Requires prosecutions to be made on complaint or information.

SEC. 30. Relates to costs. Gives the attorney a docket fee of \$5 in each case of conviction.

SEC. 31. Prohibits action of replevin or any other action to test the validity of the judgement decreeing liquors forfeited.

SEC. 32. Provides for appeals.

SEC. 33. Proceeding on appeal.

SEC. 34. Provides for the custody of the seized liquors in case of appeal.

SEC. 35. No defect in any bond or recognizance shall operate as a discharge.

SEC. 36. Agents to manufacture and sell may be prosecuted for violating their trust.

SEC. 37. Unnecessary to allege that it was the first, second and third offense.

SEC. 38. The singular number may be construed to mean the plural and the masculine the feminine.

SEC. 39. Repeals all former acts.

SEC. 40. Term magistrate to mean justices, Mayors, Judges, &c.

SEC. 41. Prohibits giving liquors away.

SEC. 42. To be in force on the 12th day of June next, and 1000 copies to be printed.

UNIVERSAL PREVALENCE OF PEACE.—Go read the history of the past, on pages written with blood! Count, if you can, the slaughtered victims that have found their last resting place on the gory battle plains which are so thickly interspersed throughout our earth; making it, as it were, one vast Potter's field. Watch those drops of anguish and sorrow, that have gushed from affectionate hearts, broken by the fierce carnage of war, and see them, as a mighty river, swelling to an ocean of grief sufficient to drown all the warring hosts of every age. Harken to the wail of widows and orphans, deep-toned and terrible enough even to startle the myriads of hell, and make them cower before the storm of anguish. But that storm shall pass away; and mountains that have interposed to make enemies of nations, shall be levelled before the advancing triumphs of Him who came heralded as the "Prince of Peace." The instrument of death, under the skill of the ingenious mechanic, shall turn the sod and prepare it for seed, which shall present her "full corn in the ear," to the hand of man. Happy! glorious epoch in the world's history! The Lord hasten its consummation!—*Sidney Dean.*

Though I did not usually write my sermons, in order to read or mandate them, (according to the Scottish phrase and practice,) yet I rarely neglected my pen. As I had opportunity I was constantly committing thoughts and sentiments to writing. It was one of the advices of Mrs. Hannah Moore, at my first acquaintance with her to write much. "It matters not, comparatively," said that extraordinary woman, (to whom I early owed much,) "on what a young composer first writes; by the constant use of his pen, he will soon form a style; and by nothing else can he attain it. She also recommended writing with as much *clerity* as possible, regardless of trifling inaccuracies. "These," she said, "should not be suffered to check and cool the mind. These may be safely left for correction in

review; while advantage is taken of the heat of composition to go on to the end; it being better to produce the whole figure at one fusion, than to cast successively various parts, and then conjoin them."—*From Jay's Autobiography.*

Preparing for Publication, under the auspices of the Maine Liquor Law Statistical Society:

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW,

Its Origin, History, and Results; with a biographical sketch and a beautiful steel engraved portrait of Hon. NEAL DOW; containing contributions from upwards of 100 Clergymen, Governors, Members of Congress, Secretaries of State, Magistrates, and Citizens, resident in Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, R. Island, Connecticut, Michigan, Ohio, N. York, &c. Price \$1.50, in muslin. 12 mo. About 300 pages.

This work will embrace a history of the Maine Liquor Law movement in the various States of the Union, and contain details of the results of the Law, and other statistical information, received from the best authorities; and so arranged, with a copious Index, as to form a valuable book of reference for all who desire to promote the blessings of Temperance, by the enactment and enforcement of the Maine Liquor Law. It will also contain the prohibitory liquor laws already enacted in the above-named States.

A list of subscribers and contributors to this work has already been commenced, of which the following is an abstract:

Rev. S. C. Fessenden, Rockland, Me., 10 copies.
" Joseph Hawks, Richmond, " 7 "
" Joel L. Dickinson, Plainville, Conn. 6 "
" D. H. Mansfield, Warren, Maine, 5 "
" William Stowe, Coleraine, Mass., 5 "
" J. L. Dudley, Middletown, Conn., 5 "
" N. H. Matteson, Preston, Conn., 3 "
" Caleb Stetson, So. Scituate, Mass., 2 "
" Hiram Bell, Killingworth, Conn., 2 "
" Sam. L. Richards, Simsbury, Conn. 2 "
Hon. W. W. Watson, Sec. of State, R. I. 1 "
Miss Anne B. Henderson, Allegan, Mich. 1 "

34 other subs'rs principally clergymen, each 1, 34.

The price of the work will be \$1.50, except to contributors, who will be supplied at \$1. Persons sending well-authenticated facts in relation to the history or operation of the said law, will be regarded as contributors, and will be supplied at One Dollar.

A complete list of subscribers' names, received before March 1st, 1855, will be inserted in the work. Your name as a subscriber, and any facts you may possess on the subject, are respectfully solicited. The money need not be sent until the work is ready for delivery.

Newspapers or periodicals inserting or noticing this prospectus, and forwarding the paper containing such insertion, will receive a copy of the work gratuitously, and the editor's name will be placed on the list of subscribers.

The work will be compiled and edited by Henry S. Clubb, Sec'y of the Maine Law Statistical Society. All communications to be addressed to the President of the Society.

SAMUEL MAYALL, M. C.,

No. 85, East Capitol street, Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C., Jan. 20, 1855.

Mrs. Emma R. Coe was, on Friday, Jan. 12, registered at the office of the District Court, Philadelphia, as a student-at-law, in the office of Wm. S. Pierce, a member of the Philadelphia Bar. Mrs. Coe is known as one of the leaders in the Woman's Rights movements.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

While in Philadelphia, the other day, we heard the following story: A distinguished lawyer of that city, alluding to the case of Mrs. Coe, sneeringly remarked that he could never see a woman at the bar without being reminded of mince pies. We are not sure that we understand the point of this remark, but the cutting retort of another lawyer, who happened to hear it, needs no explanation. "If," said the latter, "you are ever brought in conflict with Mrs. Coe, you will be made to think of mince meat!"—*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

For the Lily.

THE REBUKE.

BY EMMA.

"A Bloomer, A Bloomer,
There goes a bloomer"
Cries one from amid a crowd,
"Were she my sister,
Were she my daughter,
I'd sooner it were her shroud,"

How can a lady,
With dress so bawdy,
Appear on a crowded street?
She must be crazy,
Or yet, it may be,
She wishes to show her feet.

Were I her brother,
Her father or lover,
I'd teach her what she must do,
She must stay at home—
If when she were gone,
Her dress did not cover her shoe.

You are not either,
Nor can you be sir,
Though long my daughter you've wooed,
So within our door
You may come no more,
That speech will do you no good.

Thus spoke the father,
For much had he rather
His child should live an "Old Maid,"
Than give her to him,
Who with iron chain,
Would bind her in thought, word and deed
Reedsburgh, Feb. 5, '55.

WHAT IT COSTS TO MAKE LADIES.—The following extract from the Parlor Annual deserves a careful perusal from husbands and fathers as well as wives and daughters. It furnishes a key to much of the misery we find in the world:

"In childhood and youth, girls are healthy, hardy and capable of enduring fatigue as boys, for the very good reason that nature, regarding it equally necessary to give them constitutions, has kindly done so, and because they romp in the open air, and thus obey the promptings of unsophisticated nature. Yet our men are much more healthy than women, and even young ladies. Take the families of merchants and business men—not the purse proud nabob on one hand, nor the hardy delver on the other—and how stands the matter? The men are active, industrious, accustomed to a great degree of bodily exertion; they are busy with bales and boxes, among draymen and porters; they are driving about the wharves and streets all day; their minds and bodies fully employed, and go home with a keen, well earned appetite, while their wives and daughters, standing, of course, on the same platform of respectability as themselves, have dragged the wearisome hours of the day in listless idleness or sedentary pursuits, and approach the table with an appetite that almost spurs the repast other hands have prepared, and fill their anxious husband's or father's ears with complaints of a thousand ills, which perhaps nothing but a summer at the springs or watering places can assuage. Poor creatures, they have not been properly educated. Fashion would put its condescending lips and toss its brainless head at the idea of useful toil for the wives and daughters of a wealthy merchant. But the same fickle goddess has no objection to the father or son going into the store and laboring all day, rolling barrels, packing and unpacking goods, which, for them, is all very well; but she denies to the daughter any part in the household affairs, because it is vulgar and disreputable, and consigns her to the practice of music, drawing, worsted and lace work. What matters it if the son's hands be hard his chest and muscles brawny, his face bronzed by the sun and wind, and, with these, firm health; but the daughters must be slim, fragile, pale and delicate, with soft, white hands, to be worthy to rank with the sons of merchants, who are every day employed, just like her brother, with like results."—*Ex.*

"I will be Home Soon."

The insignificant word-couplet, 'All aboard'—uttered thousands of times every day, in depots and on decks—is always the prelude to a long psalm of sorrow. Of itself, it is a mere business behest: in its bearings it involves regret, suffering, and oftentimes despair. Not an hour glides into the great sea of the past—not a moment leaps to the surface, and then is lost forever—but some ear listens to its knell for the last time.

If your heart has become dissatisfied with its treasures, and you are disposed to grope amid the shadows of despondency, go where friends are parting. We do not know of a surer recipe for rekindling the flames of sympathy than this. No one with even the fragment of a heart in his bosom, can see the warm embraces of those who are to go and those who are to stay, or hear the tremulous but earnest good bye and God bless you, uttered by lips that tremble with the freightage, without a blessing of his own.

A few weeks ago we were witness of a parting which touched us nearly. It was between two who were newly wedded, and who, since the sweet day of their nuptials, had not been parted for a day—hardly for an hour. Nothing short of sheer necessity could have called the husband from his idol now—but the necessity came between them, and he must not shrink. We saw the long and wild embrace, heard the goer whisper, "Be of good cheer—I will be home soon"—and in a few moments more the billows rolled between the hearts that so lately God had joined together.

"I will be home soon." These were the words—the only consolation left, amid so much bitterness. Perhaps the pangs were sharpened by the vague presentiment that they might never meet again! And so she turned from the spot, that sad young wife, and went back to the home whose light had departed.

"I will be home soon." And so he was home before he was expected—home ere yet the tears were dried from the eyes of the weepers, whom he left behind. But alas! how did he come? Encompassed by a shroud, embraced within a coffin, cold as the perpetual snow that crowns the monarch mountain of Switzerland. Sure enough—he was "home soon."

They dug but one grave then—but since, another was demanded—and now, the young husband and the young wife sleep together.

We shall all "be home soon." What that home will be rests with us. The deeds of virtue will secure a passport to golden palaces—the enormities of vice will end in worse than dungeon darkness.—*Buff. Express.*

Proposed New Liquor Law in Maine.

The Maine papers contain a copy of a proposed new liquor law, drawn up by Neal Dow, and laid before the special Temperance Committee of that State. This bill is very stringent. For the first sale of liquor the penalty is a fine of \$50, and four months in jail; if the fine is not paid, two months additional; second conviction, \$50 and costs, and six months in jail, with three months additional if the fine is not paid; on the third conviction, \$100 and costs, with one year in the State Prison, with six months additional if the fine is not paid. In each case a bond of \$1000 not to sell again for one year shall be given; in default, four months additional imprisonment. No person is to be a manufacturer or common seller of spirituous liquor, except as is provided by the statute, under penalty of \$200 fine, and one year in the State Prison for the first offence, to be increased to five years on third offence; no action for the recovery of liquors illegally sold allowed, nor against any officer for seizing and destroying liquors when the warrant is issued by a competent court. Any

person found intoxicated to the disturbance of the peace, to be sentenced to the House of Correction for four months, unless he discloses where he procured the liquor. Expressmen, Railroad Companies and Steamboat Companies who convey liquor illegally into the State, to be fined \$10 and costs for the first offence, \$20 and costs for the second offence, and \$20 and costs, with one month in jail for the third.—*N. Y. People's Organ.*

THE DAUGHTER OF A KING.—One day a poor woman called upon two elegant and pious young ladies, who received her with Christian affection, and sat down in the drawing room to converse.—At this moment a dashing lad came in, and appeared astonished at so humble a visitor. One of the young ladies started and said, "Brother, don't be surprised; this is a King's daughter, but she has not got on her fine clothes."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Shuebal M Arnold; Lucretia H Eddy; Joel Birdsall; Sophronia Jewett, 2; Jane Frohock; Hannah M Talbott; Ashley Pearce; Edwin Mattoon; Rebecca C Hasket; M S Severance; Celynda B Grandy, 2; B W Harris, 2; Jane A Backus; Lucy R Freeman; Samantha R Sill; Catherine M Sporr and A M Hawks; D Gates; Cordelia A Clark; A Downing; Phebe J Webster; P M Ransom; S B Newcomb; H De G Fuller; R H C Murray; W C Evans; Martha Durfee; Adaline J Swift; Hetty M Little; E Culver; M L Callender; Wm Zinzer and E Stanley; Ursula Stewart; C H Sands; R Dunser, Mary E Cleveland, Harriet Corbin.

In our last list of acknowledgements, Emily E. G. Flinn, should have been credited with two letters.

EPHRAIM H. SANFORD,**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**

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NEW LONDON, O.

D. C. BLOOMER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

AND LAND AGENT.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

WILL promptly attend to all legal business, entrusted to him in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory. He will also give particular attention to the purchase and sale of lands, for farming purposes; and also of Town Lots, in Council Bluffs and other places in Iowa; and in Omaha City, Winter Quarters, Bellevue, and other towns in Nebraska Territory; the investigation of land titles, the payment of taxes for non-residents, the investment of money in real estate and all business connected with the Land Office in the district. Information in relation to the country, will be at all times freely communicated to persons addressing him on the subject, by letter or otherwise.

REFERENCES:

C. Voorhes & Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
S. T. Carey, " " "
James Peck & Co., Chicago, Illinois.
Dr. C. D. Williams, Cleveland, Ohio.
Henry Haigh, Detroit, Michigan.
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OFFICE—on Pacific street, a few doors south of the *Pacific House*, and near the Land Office.

Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.

Dec. 15, 1854.